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AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Showers are probable; slightly cooler; southerly winds, becoming northeasterly.

## PROMPT AND SIMPLE ACTION NEEDED.

It is announced from Washington that Senator Perkins, of California, intends to revive the Phillips bill for the creation of a permanent Industrial Commission, which shall be empowered for two years to investigate labor troubles and do other things. Speaker Reed is to be asked to open the House of Representatives for the purpose of passing this measure.

Doubtless Senator Perkins is moved by the best intentions, but his plan for meeting the grave exigency presented by the strike of the coal miners would be more apt to delay than expedite the kind of action that is needed. Time is a vitally important consideration. It is hardly to be expected that a bill providing elaborate machinery to deal with the perturbations of the industrial world for the next two years could be rushed through both Houses of Congress. It is right that such a bill should receive careful and leisurely examination. The organized workmen of the Union would desire to be consulted about it. So would their employers. A legitimate subject of debate would be whether this was the best measure that could be devised to attain the objects aimed at. The suspicion might be engendered that a crisis was being utilized to hurry into birth another of the salaried commissions from which so much has been looked for and so little benefit derived.

What is required at this juncture is action of a special character to meet a special case, not legislation to cover the future. That can wait. A situation full of peril, and imminent peril, exists. It is in the power of Congress and the President to arrest this gigantic strike, hardly yet begun, by offering arbitration to the laborers and capitalists facing each other for a struggle the anticipated accompaniments of which fill with dread every intelligent man acquainted with the history of great strikes and informed as to the special conditions that prevail in the coal mining regions. The fuse has been lighted, and it is the general judgment that a terrific explosion will speedily follow unless the heel of friendly intervention shall promptly be brought down on the sputtering powder.

Nothing complicated, nothing that will require or provoke Congressional debate, will serve. Indeed, time-consuming talk would be worse than useless, since it would but inflame minds very ready to take fire and give them misconceptions as to the spirit in which lawlessness on their part would be treated by the authorities. Quick, direct action, with as little officialism as may be—that is what the crisis calls for.

What sound objection can be offered to the proposal that Congress request the President to offer arbitration to the miners and mine owners? A simple resolution will set the plan in motion.

It is hardly conceivable that the President is not willing to do so great a service, the performance of which can subject him to no national criticism. All that is asked of him is to propose to the belligerents peace instead of war, arbitration instead of a long strike, with its inevitable losses and suffering, and almost certain lawlessness.

## JAPAN'S CASE DEMOLISHED.

Secretary Sherman's reply to Japan's protest against the annexation of Hawaii has forced into distressed silence those newspapers published in the United States whose hearts bled recently at the thought of the wrong about to be suffered by the Japanese through the wicked imposition of American government upon the islands. Mr. Sherman has been cruel enough to leave Japan not a leg's stand on. The three Japanese contentions were these:

1. That the maintenance of the status quo of Hawaii is essential to the good understanding of the powers which have interests in the Pacific. 2. That annexation would tend to endanger certain rights of the Japanese in Hawaii now enjoyed by them under the treaties, constitution and laws of that country. 3. That annexation might lead to the postponement by Hawaii of the settlement of claims and liabilities already existing in favor of Japan under treaty stipulations.

Mr. Sherman responds:

1. That the one essential feature of the status quo for the past seventy-five years has been the paramount influence of the United States upon the fortunes of Hawaii; that "the union of that island territory to the United States, often foreshadowed and at times taking tangible shape, has been recognized as a necessary contingency, drawing nearer year by year with the passage of events;" that the United States cannot be expected to admit that the incorporation of Hawaii with its territory can injure any legitimate interest of other powers in the Pacific.

2. The Secretary quotes Halleck to this effect: "The obligations of treaties, even where some of their stipulations are in terms perpetual, expire in case either of the contracting parties loses its existence as an independent state, or in case its internal constitution is so changed as to render the treaty inapplicable to the new condition of things." This principle of international law is illustrated by many modern instances, notably that of Texas, whose admission to our Union extinguished the treaties of the independent republic thus absorbed. The recent French law declaring Madagascar to be a colony of France ended the former treaties of that kingdom. "The history of Europe, of America, of the whole world," observes Mr. Sherman, "is full of examples from remote periods to our own days where independent states have ceased to be such through constrained or voluntary absorption by another, with attendant extinction of their former treaties with other states."

3. There is nothing in the proposed annexation treaty prejudicial to the vested rights of Japan. Moreover, the treaty of 1856 between that country and Hawaii, to which the protest relates, is denounceable by either party on six months' notice, "but its extinction would no more extinguish vested rights previously acquired under its stipulations than the repeal of a municipal law affects rights of property vested under its provisions."

Unquestionably the annexation of the islands by the United States will be disadvantageous to Japan, but that is not necessarily an injustice to her. Our interests happen to come into collision with hers, that is all. Were we

to reject Hawaii the group would to a certainty be acquired ere long by Japan. That misfortune the American Government will not be so short-sighted as to invite. Both military and commercial reasons will cause our Western frontier to be extended two thousand miles out into the Pacific, notwithstanding the pain this addition to our territory and national greatness will give the Mugwumps, who can admire energy, patriotic pride and provision against war only when they are exhibited by some other country than the United States—by England, for instance.

## THE CHAMBERLAIN CATASTROPHE.

The awful tragedy that has befallen the Right Hon. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will send a thrill of sympathy through the warm hearts of our better classes. Mr. Chamberlain has patiently worked his way up from the rank of a plain manufacturer—a much humbler position in England than it is here—to a station in society in which he can extend his hospitality to the Prince and Princess of Wales without encountering a snub. On Wednesday the climax of his career was to have been reached in a reception of which the future King and Queen of England were to be the central stars, and a mob of Dukes, Duchesses, Cabinet Ministers and millionaires the accessories. Unhappily, the glory was overdone. Piccadilly was blocked by the simultaneous convergence of over eight hundred carriages, and while Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were vainly trying to push a flying wedge from the inside through their massed guests, in order to receive their future sovereigns at the foot of the stairs, the Prince of Wales himself, unable to penetrate the cordon of vehicles that surrounded the house, ordered his coachman to drive home. Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess of York, who had been previously entrapped in the beleaguered mansion, had to make their escape through the kitchen.

From one point of view it might seem as if the Chamberlain glory had been enhanced by the spectacle of royalty vainly struggling with the crowd for a chance to get into and out of a Chamberlain reception, but that is not the way the situation is regarded in London, either by the Chamberlains themselves or by their affectionate enemies, who are somewhat numerous, or, it may be added, by the royalties themselves. The idea that will prevail in those quarters is that the desire to make a vulgar display has led a social upstart to overreach himself. It is unfortunate that the habit of mind that enables Americans to appreciate the humorous aspect of the heirs to a throne battling helplessly with obdurate cabmen or sliding through a kitchen door does not characterize the solid British intelligence. As it is, there is danger that the Chamberlain "crush" may crush Mr. Chamberlain.

## THE EUROPEAN NOTE HABIT.

It is said that the patient European powers are at last "irritated" by the tedious delays, quibbling and equivocation of the Turks in the matter of Thessaly, and that they have sent a collective note to the Porte protesting against the delay and insisting upon a prompt decision of some kind. There is nothing more likely to enable the Porte to pass the dog-days in comfort than a collective note from the powers. No serious mental exertion is required in dealing with it, but just that agreeable amount of light exercise that is needed to keep the mind in a healthy condition. The Turkish manipulation of European notes must have become almost automatic by this time, like playing familiar airs on the piano.

As long as the powers do nothing but urge and protest, the Sultan can safely keep up the game he has been playing so long. It is only when they attach a definite disadvantage to delay that affairs may be expected to begin to move. It has been suggested that the Turks might be notified that the Greek indemnity would be reduced by \$5,000 for every day's postponement of the evacuation. The principle is good, although the rate is too moderate. It would represent a reduction of about \$1,825,000 a year, at which rate the Turks would be in Thessaly for over sixteen years before the indemnity of \$30,000,000 had been boarded out, to say nothing of the matter of interest. A much better plan would be to notify the Porte that unless the Turkish troops evacuated Thessaly within one week the whole indemnity would be cancelled, the nominal Turkish rule over Crete would be abolished, and not an inch of "rectified frontier" would be conceded on the mainland. It is possible that such a declaration might be regarded at Yildiz Kiosk in a less humorous light than that in which the communications of the powers are ordinarily considered.

## THE NEW FOURTH.

The bicycle, the trolley car and the suburban railroad are transforming our ancient Fourth of July. A stranger in the streets of New York yesterday would have known that something was happening; he would have recognized the day by the occasional pop of the intermittent fire-cracker, but he would have wondered what had become of the old-time sulphurous enthusiasm. For long stretches of time, in some cases as long as five consecutive minutes, the ear was free from the concussion of exploding gunpowder. Was patriotism extinct in New York, the visitor would have asked, or had the population declined?

The latter alternative is the true one. New Yorkers are as patriotic as ever, but thanks to the new modes of transportation, the population of the city falls off on public holidays. The young people who a few years ago would have been making the streets impassable with their fusillades of fire-crackers, torpedoes, caps, cartridges and cannons, were bicycling yesterday over country roads, filling the bleachers at a dozen ball games, promoting reform at Coney Island or fighting the breakers at Manhattan Beach. The fact that the number of visitors to the Aquarium on the Battery declined on Sunday tells the whole story. New Yorkers no longer have to amuse themselves at home on holidays, and being able to get out of town so easily, they very sensibly do so.

The Fourth of July is still a great day, but it is not the same day we used to know. It is growing up with the country.

Nothing so refines a newspaper's taste as to find itself beaten constantly in the struggle for scoops. When it altogether gives up trying to rival cleverer and more enterprising contemporaries in giving the news it is sure to become as proper as Mr. Pecksniff himself and a perfect Turveydrop in the severity of its judgments upon the department of more energetic and successful journals. The merits of dry rot as an aid to virtue have been too long overlooked by the moralists.

Love not only levels all ranks, but it has a way of breaking through creeds and prejudices. The secretary of the Ohio branch of the A. P. A. has resigned his membership in that order that he might make a woman of the Catholic faith his wife.

The Governor of Indiana has a keen conception of the duties of the executive head of a State. He is letting all international questions entirely alone and devoting all his time to an effort to find a cure for the hog cholera.

Hon. "Jesse" Worth respectfully declines Mr. Platt's invitation to assist him in the attempt to dismember the Citizens' Union and scatter its remains.

Mr. Croker is now prepared to claim that his divorce from politics was of the North Dakota variety.

## Another Belmont Idol Shattered.

True horsemen hold that to win the English Derby is the greatest honor of the turf. To achieve that end is to be known wherever the thoroughbred is reared or raced.

Twelve months ago we had never heard of John Gubbins. To-day John Gubbins is famous from San Francisco to Johannesburg as the owner of Galtee More, winner of this year's English Derby.

Lord Rosebery, the Prince of Wales and John Gubbins form the last successive trio to have the blue ribbon of the turf conferred upon them.

For years August Belmont has looked forward to the day when his colors would be borne to victory in the world's greatest race.

With that end in view he has bred and reared and reared horses. He has studied pedigrees and spent money.

Last year he was led to believe for a little while that his colt, Don de Oro, might have a chance across the water. Two or three victories and a crushing defeat shattered that idol.

This year Firearm filled the heart of the president of the Jockey Club with hope. The vision of the English Derby again dazzled him.

Yesterday Firearm fell with a dull thud from his too easily acquired pedestal and left the master of the Belmont stables dazed in the hopelessness of his defeat.

"Angie!" Belmont will try again, for he knows no such thing as failure, but it is likely that the years will come and the years will go before another American shares with old "Peter the Great" Lord Dunsford the fame of winning the English Derby.

Mrs. Clara Noble-Earle, who is passing the summer at Narragansett Pier, as usual, always insists upon the use of the hyphen in her surname.

She is so emphatic on this point that when she signs a check the hyphen is the most conspicuous part of the signature.

Her theory, which is based upon several years of anti-monopoly experience, holds that it is better to be Noble than Earle. This is not the only thing, however, that makes Mrs. Noble-Earle (with a hyphen) an object of interest to the social world.

She is the mother of Mrs. Robert Townsend, whose marriage last winter, after a long postponement, caused much gossip at the time.

Mrs. Noble-Earle has two cottages at Narragansett Pier besides the one she occupies. The latter is known by the formidable name of Quassanquah, and is situated on Quiddnessett grounds.

But "Quassanquah" is only a mild example of Narragansett nomenclature. "Tynny-coed," "Lansat," "Liverhope," "What Cheer," "Sensible Shanty," "Over Yonder," "Metatext," "Hexhurst," "Moulton Cot" and "Need Woods" are only a few instances of the fertile fancy that riots among cottage owners at the Pier.

A ten-mile drive about Narragansett Pier is a liberal education in itself, even when no attention is paid to the tenants from Newport.

And speaking of Narragansett Pier reminds me that A. B. Boardman will occupy Professor Brander Matthews's cottage, "Shingle Nook," the entire Summer.

This in itself is not of so much importance as that it recalls an incident that happened on a Broadway car a month or so ago.

The Professor and Mrs. Matthews were journeying down town in that very democratic conveyance. The Professor was lost in a reverie, as becomes a literary man in public, and his wife was probably paying more attention to her plans for the Summer than to her surroundings.

At any rate she suddenly sprang to her feet and started all the other occupants of the car by crying out at the top of her voice: "Branny! We've gone past our street!"

The Professor relinquished his meditative hold upon his fragmentary whisks, signalled frantically at the conductor and followed his spouse to the street, while the remaining passengers smiled.

I have known Professor Matthews many moons, but it had never occurred to me that even his wife could have the temerity to address so august a figure in literature by a diminutive.

The incident is also interesting etymologically. Of course, "Branny" is the correct diminutive of Brander, or else Mrs. Matthews would not have used it.

But for all that I would have disputed the correctness of "Branny" had it come from any less authoritative source.

To the average mind it would appear that the obvious and euphonious diminutive of Brander is not "Branny," but "Brandy."

This view is further strengthened when one reflects what a peach of a professor Brander Matthews is.

But Mrs. Matthews has fixed it at "Branny," and "Branny" goes, as Professor Matthews would not say, although he does admire certain forms of American slang.

The dudes of Tammany Hall were not offensively conspicuous by their presence at the Fourth of July celebration yesterday.

Oliver Belmont was in Newport looking after his Mayoralty boom and doing his share in getting away with the good things of the Clambake Club.

Mellicy Brice was off somewhere in a cooler atmosphere and more congenial company.

Cram, old chap, was doing the Sheephead Bay races and the Oriental at Coney Island afterward.

Hughy Grant neither showed his face nor sent a letter.

Even Jefferson Monticello Levy, proudest of modern Knickerbockers, was away in Europe.

This left the social glory of the occasion to Le Petit George McClellan, who was sweating horribly in a scheme's collar, I am told, and his compatriot and fellow class of fashion, Herr Randolph Guggenheimer, who was vastly pleased with Perry Belmont's transatlantic message of encouragement.

Long Branch is all agog.

Every dude in the New Jerusalem has put on his golden slippers and run to tell the news.

Mrs. George Law has returned from Europe, and is sojourning in the promised land.

They tell me that she is handsomer and more dashing than ever. That is why this little Long Branch public has forgotten its joy and pride in the recovered cunning of Edgar Gibbs (don't forget the Gibbs) Murphy's trigger finger. It has gone daff over the beautiful young widow.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## "The Yashmak," Hicks's New Musical Play.

By Alan Dale.

LONDON, June 26.—The "new musical play" at the Shaftesbury Theatre is the result of young Seymour Hicks's varied visits to America. It is called "The Yashmak." There is no reason why it should be called "The Yashmak." There is also no reason on earth why it should be so called. Possibly the London mania for odd, eccentric titles had something to do with the naming of this "new musical comedy." Seymour, alias "Stealmore" Hicks wrote it in connection with Cecil Raleigh, and it is alleged that the music was composed and arranged (with a vehement accent on the "arranged") by Napoleon Lambelet, whoever he may be.

I grieve to say that I can give you no very detailed account of what "The Yashmak" is about. I sat through it stoically from beginning to end, and no Spartan boy ever endured in more praiseworthy silence than mine. I was there when the curtain rose and I stayed until it fell. I made myself stay. I said to myself: "Old boy, do penance for your sins. Suffer. It will be good for you." And when at the end of the evening I was dragged limp and resistless from the Shaftesbury there was in my soul an exultant feeling of having done the right thing—of having made a martyr of myself for a good cause. You are the good cause. You don't mind being called a good cause, do you?

Seriously, though, and the occasion is not one for overweening jocularity—this "Yashmak" struck me as being about the most pointless and utterly irredeemably rubbish I have ever sat through. Of course nobody expects a story in a musical comedy, but one does look for some excuse, some little pivot around which things should revolve. One does anticipate a sort of central idea. Even in the very worst American farce-comedies there is generally just a vestige of solidity. At "The Yashmak" you sit for three hours and watch a series of clever people, attired in "Eastern" costumes, come and go with the most sublime irrelevance. They utter "chestnut" jokes that probably appealed to "Stealmore" Hicks when he was New Yorking, but which have since died in appropriate senescence. They sing giddy old songs that have already sprouted gray hairs. And then they retire while the chorus does the rest. If you offered me a meaty income for the rest of my life I couldn't tell you what "The Yashmak" tried to do. I could discover no semblance of relevancy, nor at this moment what "The Yashmak" endeavored to show.

Among the music composed and arranged (with a wicked emphasis on the "arranged") by Napoleon Lambelet I detected Mr. Sousa's "Honeycomb" two-step, basking as a solo with chorus, and sung by Lionel Mackinder. It was not acknowledged on the programme. Possibly the audience thought it was "composed" by Mr. Lambelet, and if Sousa had heard it sung I am convinced that he would not have been anxious to pose as its father. Then, trotted out with remarkable vivacity, I spotted Little Gilson's song, known as "Little Willie, or He Knew a Thing or Two." This was veiled in a sort of arrangement by the hard-working Lambelet, and it lost all its point. The use of this song, one of Little Gilson's retelling ditties, struck me as being rather cruel, for Little Gilson is in London and would presumably like to sing it. I heard her the other night at the Royal, in Holborn, tackling affairs that were not nearly so good.

The number known as "One, two, three—shift" occupied a very prominent position in "The Yashmak," and was ardently appreciated by the audience, and another familiar melody, composed and arranged with fervid attention to the "arranged" by Lambelet, was "Narcisse," which a year ago was played by every orchestra in New York. I like old "Narcisse." I really do. I'm middle-aged enough (do you notice how I'm a little to all things) to attach myself to antiquities, but there is a limit to all things. I went to "The Yashmak" to catch a new idea or two, and came away all sprayed with the essence of decaying chestnuts. It was not pleasant at all. It would have been even more endurable if Stealmore Hicks had gallantly explained on the programme that he loved America and the dear Americans, and had come away from New York, tearing his theatrical treasures out by the roots. But Hicks explained nothing. There was not a suggestion that "The Yashmak" was stuffed with piracy. The little word "arranged" fastened to Napoleon Lambelet's name was the only symptom of honesty—and a very poor one at that.

The curious thing is that, in spite of all, "The Yashmak" is dreadful. You can endure lack of originality when a quick and brilliant entertainment is offered. But at the Shaftesbury everything moves along slowly and funnily. It is most dismal and discouraging. But stay! In other words, hold on! I cannot forget that this musical comedy contains a "new patriotic song" entitled "Sixty Years Ago, Boys," written by Clement Scott—yes, sir—with music by J. M. Glover. Clemmy likes to have a clammy finger in every pie, and he has been very busy during this tri-colored period, juggling. He has jugged quarts of patriotic lyrics, and they have always been accepted. He never criticises them himself, which is a great mistake. If I wrote songs for theatres in New York I should feel it my duty either to roast or gush over myself. Mr. Scott, however, is very discreet. He jubes quietly, and nobody ever says a harsh word. "Sixty Years Ago, Boys" is a lovely affair, in which such phrases as "Britannia steers our ship of state" and "Victoria, to thee our hearts are fleeing," occur in delightful rhythmic melange. Clemmy can write an ode on anything at any time, and it will always be sung. He must feel very comfortable, but I can't help telling him that I feel otherwise when I listen to his work.

The cast of "The Yashmak" is its only decent feature. That cast includes John Le Hay, whom New Yorkers saw in "His Excellency" at the Broadway Theatre; Lawrence D'O'Leary, of "An Artist's Model" renown; Lionel Mackinder, a very clever and agile young man; Scott Russell, who sang "Sixty Years Ago, Boys"; Kitty Loftus, a talented but uncommonly person, sister of Clary and daughter of Marie, and Topsy Sinden. Miss Sinden is an admirable dancer, and in "The Yashmak" she "interpreted" a "danse du bain" with Miss Rundle, Miss York, Miss Dalmour, Miss Elsie Dare and Miss Susie Raymond. Mabel Love, the muchly but unnecessarily photographed, is also in the cast, and so is the elongated damsel known to fame (with a capital F) as Birdie Sutherland.

Perhaps, after all, it was polite of Messrs. Hicks and Raleigh to conceal the American origin of "The Yashmak" as much as possible from view. The Stars and Stripes are well represented in London just now, and these young authors may possibly hear the indignation of an outraged contingent.

## At the Theatres.

Yesterday's holiday performance of "The Girl from Paris" was rendered with a special cast at the Herald Square Theatre.

Grace Belasco was substituted for Phoebe Coyne of the regular cast. Margaret Sylva for Cherish Simpson, D. L. Don for Louis Mann, Millie Wilson for Josephine Hall and Mammie Gilroy for Clara Lipman. The piece was well played, the most noticeable feature being the ease and marked ability with which Millie Wilson, who has formerly played the part of one of the bicycle girls, acted the role of Ruth, Honeycomb's servant. This young lady possesses more than her share of youth, beauty and ability and acquitted herself in a creditable manner.

Koster & Blal transferred their vaudeville skit last night and will keep it there till old Sol draws into his shell next Fall. The return of the Rogerses was well welcomed and their claim to versatility well held. Max Unger, the youthful Ajax, delighted the adores of brawn and muscle, and, although the strong man act has been much overdone, Unger seems to be a favorite on account of his youth and desire to please without posing. Curtis and Gordon punched bags and made punching bags of each other, to the delight of the lovers of the manly art, while, as a pleasant relief, the three physical aggressiveness, Phyllis Rankin, Gerrie Reynolds, the Clairclaires, Margaret Zimmer and Miss Webb gave us the very latest in songs and dances. The promenade concert, before and after the vaudeville, was especially worthy of note.

"The Blackville Derby," a sketch founded on the Sheephead races, made a hit at the Olympia. This is the last week of the diverting Isham's Octoroons. James Thornton, the famous song writer, won the house with his capital songs and monologues. The two Doonozs made their first appearance, as did also the three English sisters. They had the audience with them and could not complain of a frigid reception.

The comedy act by McIntyre and Heath at Tony Pastor's was sold fun from beginning to end. Byron and Langdon, in Irish travesty, fell into favor with a willow-crowd of listeners. The views of the kinopkion held the audience spellbound. These mechanisms are in danger of becoming a bore, but Tony Pastor has the art of giving just enough and not overdoing the thing.

Frankie Haines, in character songs, Charles Vance and the Patrons were highly acceptable. Altogether this is one of the best vaudevilles in town.

The Casino Roof Garden makes a great card of the Countess Hatzfeldt, who, while pleasing, has nothing to genius yet discovered. The newcomers, however, displayed some of the genius the Countess lacked, although they were untitled. The little comedy of Gould and Burt is a winner, and the Celtic comes of Gilbert and Goldie likewise. Alene and Laure, the girl tumbler, gave a diverting show, and the Manhattan Comedy Four took well-deserved recalls.

The Franchelli ballet, "The Judgment of Paris," is a roof garden feature that makes it look like fairyland. Fred Jervin's burlesque, "A Night at the Opera," was sparkling and up-to-date enough to please the most blasé taste.

Proctor's is a winning programme, and

### More Like Kansas.

[Detroit News.]

With a cyclone hovering around Utah and a free silver Tammany preparing to swipe the patronage of Mr. Platt's big town, New York is getting more like Kansas every day.

### Agricultural Note.

[Chicago Record.]

Captain Anson should build a barbed-wire trocha around each of his Colts if he expects to prevent enterprising farmers from signing them for next year's corn ploughing.

### Hanna and Urbana.

[Washington Post.]

Mark Hanna fears that there is a disposition on the part of Ohio Republicans to have an Urbana a time with his Senatorial candidacy.

### An Optimistic Hope.

[Chicago Record.]

Optimistic correspondents in Washington express the hope that the Senate and Tom Reed may soon agree on a tariff schedule.

### How to Escape.

[Detroit News.]

If President Angell's young men really wish to escape the contaminating influences of politics, they might move to Colorado and become gold Democrats.

## There Comes a Tip from the Tomb.

CHAPTER I.

T. Jefferson Bender was a doctor—that is, he wasn't a really legal doctor as yet, but he was a hard student and looked hopefully toward a day when, in accordance with the statutes in such case made and provided, he would be centered through the examination chute and entitled to write M. D. following his name with all that it implied.

Each morning T. Jefferson Bender arose with the lark and seizing his dissecting knife plunged into whatever subject was spread before him and which he and four other students were massaging among them. In the afternoon he attended lectures, bending a hungry ear and watching with eager eye while the professors, in illustration of their remarks, tortured poor people free of charge. At night when the day's carvings and listenings and lookings were over T. Jefferson Bender sat in his easy chair and peered down the long aisle of coming time.

The world was orlrig to the glance of T. Jefferson Bender, the future fall of promise. In his musings he saw himself striding toward fame and riches over a pathway strewn with arms and legs, the anatomical harvest of his skill. He filed the hereafter with himself, routing disease, cutting down the deadly maldy as a farmer might the mullen stalk, driving before him bacteria and bacilli in herds, droves, schools and shoals. T. Jefferson Bender was a happy man and his forehead was already kissed by the rays of a dawning professional prosperity.

CHAPTER II.

T. Jefferson Bender allowed himself but one relaxation. He was from Roanoke and had not a true Virginian's love for horseflesh. Thus it was that he patronized the races and was often seen at Sheephead Bay and Coney Island, holding down a seat in the grand stand. Here, casting off professional dignity as he might a garment, T. Jefferson Bender whooped and howled and hurled his hat on high as race following race swept by. At intervals T. Jefferson Bender was carried to such heights of madness as playing the horses, and then it was he suffered those vicissitudes which are collected colloquially under the phrase of "getting it in the neck."

CHAPTER III.

The Sheephead Bay grand stand was reeling full. The quarter stretch was crowded with Democrats and Republicans and third party men, who, laying aside political hatreds for the day, had come to see the races. The horses were bucking and plunging in the grasp of rubbers and stable milions, while the jockeys, with their saddles on their left arms, were being weighed in. All at once a cry of terror rent the air. Lemonade, a headstrong animal, had leaped upon the neck of Charles De Longueville, a horse rubber, and borne him to the earth. Charles De Longueville's neck was broken so the crowd said. As the fracture occurred the victim faintly said: "Is there a doctor present?" yelled one of the race judges, appealing to the grand stand.

T. Jefferson Bender arose from where he sat, walked over seventeen men and women and leaped upon the stretch.

"I am here," observed T. Jefferson Bender, while his eye lighted and his nostrils expanded with the ardor of a great resolve. T. Jefferson Bender bent above Charles De Longueville and felt his pulse.

"He lives," muttered T. Jefferson Bender. Then he called for whiskey.

At the magical words Charles De Longueville languidly opened his eyes, while a bob flush dimly painted his cheek with red.

"Doc, you have saved my life," said Charles De Longueville.

"I have," said T. Jefferson Bender. "I will no longer conceal it from you, Charles De Longueville, I have saved your life!"

"Doc," said Charles De Longueville, in a weak, fluttering voice, "I am only a poor horse rubber, but I will make you rich. Play Skylight to win, Doc; Skylight. It is a tip from the tomb."

"It is in from the tomb," said T. Jefferson Bender, reverently raising his hat.

CHAPTER IV.

That night T. Jefferson Bender stood in a pawnshop. The flickering gaslight shone on mandolins and pistols and clothing, which all about had suffered the ordeal of the spout. T. Jefferson Bender was dusty and footsore. He had walked back from Sheephead Bay, and was now about to pawn his watch for food.

CHAPTER V.

T. Jefferson Bender had played Skylight.